

# THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

No. 7. [NEW SERIES.]

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VOL. III.

## POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,  
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

### THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS;

A TALE OF THE DRAMA.

MR. SEALAND a wealthy merchant, and Sir John Bevil a gentleman of ancient family, were extremely desirous of a union between Miss Sealand and young Bevil. Their dispositions were amiable and their filial obedience were almost proverbial. The treaty of marriage had been closed between the parents, and the young people, by forbearing to refuse, had yielded a kind of consent; yet they were very unhappy, when an unexpected and mysterious circumstance communicated to the fathers a portion of that anxiety which their mistaken regard had imposed on their children. Sir John Bevil disclosed his uneasiness, and related the circumstance which had given rise to that feeling to his old and faithful servant Humphrey, who had lived with him from his youth, and was considered rather as a friend than a domestic. There had lately been a masquerade: and amongst the numerous maskers was Sir John Bevil, in an old fashioned court suit of his grandfather's, the grotesque appearance of which attracted the notice of a pert young nobleman in a clown's dress; who, presuming upon his rank, as entitling him to be impertinent, persecuted Sir John with so much rudeness, that a mask, in company with a lady in an Indian dress, interfered to save the old gentleman from insult. The clown, incensed at this interference, resented it; when the gentlemen got to high words, and the clown's mask was torn off while his opponent threw off his own, and discovered himself to be young Bevil. The lady in the Indian dress, alarmed for his safety, fainted, and was borne by him into another room, followed by his father, as also by Mr. Sealand; whose curiosity was excited to know who this lady might be, then in company with the gentleman that was to be the hus-

band of his only daughter. Bevil, insensible to all observation, and anxious for the lovely creature he held lifeless in his arms—betrayed so warm an interest, and she, on her recovery, evinced so much tenderness, that it was pretty obvious there was some near peculiar feeling between them; but the modest dignity of the lady's manner, and her noble and lofty deportment, put to flight every idea of her being a woman of improper character. The nature of the intimacy between them, was therefore a matter requisite to be known, before Mr. Sealand trusted the happiness of his child to the care of a man whose affections appeared to be already disposed of: and he prudently informed Sir John Bevil that he must postpone the intended marriage until this mystery was cleared up. Sir John was strenuous in defence of his son's honour—Mr. Sealand had no desire to dispute it—yet appearances were certainly against him.

Sir John Bevil, whose ideas were somewhat singular, had thought proper to make his son independent of him, as soon as he came of age, by securing to him an ample estate, in right of his mother: for the baronet had a great objection to restraint; and he thought that by leaving his son at liberty to act for himself, he would the better become acquainted with his real disposition.—Young Bevil had been carefully educated: his principles were good; and he had not manifested any propensity to the various vices which taint the morals of young men. There was not therefore any danger in the trust reposed in him by the affection of his father; whilst Bevil, whose disposition was truly estimable, felt under more restraint from this generosity, than he would have done had he been totally dependent on paternal bounty; and when Sir John proposed Miss Sealand to him as a wife, and expressed the pleasure he felt at such a proposal from Mr. Sealand, whose immense wealth made the match quite desirable, Bevil could not bear to wound his father, by informing him that his affections were already engaged, and his honour deeply implicated. He therefore received his paternal commands in silence, hoping some fortunate circumstance might occur to prevent the marriage.

without the appearance of disobedience on his part towards so excellent a parent : who, thus mistaking silence for consent, was completely deceived, and happy in the prospect of a considerable accession to the fortune of his darling son, as well as his alliance with a lovely and amiable young woman.

Lucinda Sealand had been permitted to receive the addresses of Mr. Myrtle, a young gentleman of fortune and respectability; and to whom she was devotedly attached: when all on a sudden, her parents thought proper to retract their consent, and forbid Mr. Myrtle access to their daughter. Though they were unanimous in their commands, yet their motives were totally opposite. The universally good character of young Bevil, and his being the heir apparent of a baronet, led Mr. Sealand to repent his haste in admitting the addresses of Mr. Myrtle; and, on finding Sir John Bevil eagerly desirous for the match, he resolved to waive all considerations, and dismiss Myrtle without ceremony: Mrs. Sealand also readily agreed to the proposal of discarding Mr. Myrtle, but then she had her own motives for so doing. She was a pedant, and in her affectation of learning and singularity, placed every social and tender feeling without her system; and she was the dupe of her cousin, a formal, pedantic, philosophical coxcomb, a ridiculous compound of vanity, and weakness; with learning enough, to make a fool of such a woman as Mrs. Sealand, yet so deficient in the essentials of learning, that a schoolboy of twelve years of age might have perplexed him, on any subject. The strongest feature of this man's character was avarice; and having obtained an entire influence over the mind of the mother, he aimed at a marriage with the daughter, the sole heiress of her father's wealth. In short, this heavy learned fop contrived to inspire Mrs. Sealand with so much admiration of his high and lofty qualities, that she thought herself honoured by his condescension in receiving her daughter's hand, and fortune. In the mean time the poor girl's affections were not taken into the slightest consideration by either party; and she was compelled in one case to listen to the conversation of Cimberton and her mother, and hear herself depreciated, as a being of such insignificance, that she was only taken, as a thing of course, an incumbrance on the estate, of which he was, as matter of absolute favour, to become master; till sick at the insolence of Cimberton, and folly of her infatuated mother, she would sometimes flounce out of the room, at other times be ordered to retire.

Lucinda was very unhappy; loving and beloved by Myrtle, yet separated from him; alternately exposed to the addresses of Bevil,

and Cimberton; hurt at the cruelty of her father, and disgusted at the credulity of her mother; yet fearful of offending either, she yielded a sort of tacit obedience to both; repining at her situation, yet not having courage to confess herself dissatisfied, hoping like Bevil that circumstances would interfere to save her. She thus put a sort of cheat both on Bevil and her parents, from an idea of the necessity of obedience on the one hand, and a timid fear of exciting anger against her, on the other. She had heard of the Indian lady at the masquerade, and hoped that Bevil would refuse her at last; while Bevil, who knew her love for Myrtle, every hour indulged himself with the hope of her refusal to save him the pain of displeasing his worthy father.

Thus were they all situated, deceiving themselves and each other; while the two beings most to be pitied, and whose conduct was most free from blame, were Mr. Myrtle, and the lovely incognita, the fair Indiana.—Mr. Myrtle and Mr. Bevil were intimate friends; had been school-mates, and their confidence was in some measure broken in upon, by the projected marriage of Bevil and Lucinda. Myrtle knew that Bevil had an attachment, but was ignorant of its nature; and as the time of the proposed nuptials drew near, his mind became inflamed by jealousy. Viewing his mistress with the eyes of a lover, he could scarce admit the possibility of Bevil beholding her with indifference, and began to suspect that he was imposed on; that Bevil's addresses to Lucinda were serious; that she would become his wife; and that her peace of mind must thus be sacrificed to a man, whose affections were, and would remain engaged—whose mistress would engross his time and attention, while Lucinda would be a neglected wife. These ideas inflamed him to madness; and having heard from Bevil's servant, that he had been the bearer of a letter secretly to Lucinda, and had as secretly received her reply, he formed innumerable and improbable conjectures from this common place circumstance; discarded all belief in the truth of Bevil's professions of friendship for him; and, guided by his impetuosity, in defiance of his reason and judgment, sent a challenge. Bevil was hurt; but, feeling sympathy for his sorrow, he resolved to bear with his irritation.

With this laudable resolution he met his jealous friend, who could not easily be appeased, but treated Bevil's coolness with contempt; saying it was a mean subterfuge to save his life, which he was desirous to preserve: having a convenient friend for his hours of dalliance; whose extravagance he would uphold out of the fortune of his wife, the lovely and betrayed Lucinda!—Bevil's temper could hardly sustain this double attack on his own honour, and the



reputation of his beloved Indiana. In the impetuosity of the moment, he rung and ordered a coach; but his servant Tom, whom Myrtle had questioned respecting the letter, imagining himself the cause of this quarrel between his master and him, and alarmed for the result, entreated them to take time for consideration. Bevil offended, peremptorily ordered him to quit the room, but his hint "that he should take time for consideration," was not lost—the instrument was humble, yet Bevil did not disdain to hear the voice of reason and reflection, though from a lowly mouth. He therefore thought it better to submit the letter of Lucinda to the perusal of Myrtle, though in so doing he transgressed her commands. Myrtle, whose good sense whispered to him he had been too violent—that he was perhaps unjust—and that he had no cause to doubt the sincerity of his friend, was not merely ready, but even anxious to listen to any explanation which Bevil might have to offer: and when he presented Lucinda's letter, containing an expression of acknowledgment for his assurance of wishing to decline, a marriage with her, and an earnest hope that Mr. Myrtle would find some means to extricate her out of her present dilemma, he was ready to sink with shame and confusion; instantly offering every suitable apology to Bevil, who willingly pardoned an offence resulting from the fervour of love; and, their former friendship thus re-established, they were the better able to assist each other in plans for future comfort and happiness.

Mr. Sealand's positive commands put a stop to the marriage proceeding at present: and he determined to wait till he could gain certain information respecting the masquerade adventure; yet how that information should be obtained, was a difficulty. Sir John Bevil was entirely ignorant; he placed a firm reliance on the honour of his son, but the favourable opinion of a doting parent was not a testimony to be depended on; and Bevil himself he could not with propriety question, as it would be assuming an authority before he had a privilege, and from which the young man would most likely revolt, thus occasioning an everlasting breach. An application to the lady herself appeared therefore the most feasible plan; but how to obtain her address was a difficulty. He next sought an interview with honest Humphrey, who was equally the friend of father and son, and had rather a difficult task to perform in acting with faith to both—yet not showing any particular partiality to either. Humphrey knew of the Indian lady, but he knew not the precise nature of his master's engagements with her; he knew that he loved her, that he earnestly wished to marry her, but that he feared to offend his father by asking his

permission, she being an unknown orphan, without fortune; and, though from her very helplessness, she was thus endeared to Bevil, yet that might not have influence on his father, when opposed against a splendid fortune, and a union in the family of a friend he valued. Humphrey was faithful to his young master, because he had promised him he would be so; but he lamented that promise, because he imagined that if Sir John were once assured that the happiness of his son was at stake, he would waive all considerations of fortune: when therefore Mr. Sealand applied to him, he gave the address of Indiana; earnestly hoping, that in this interview some explanation might take place, which would totally put an end to all marriage schemes between Miss Sealand and his young master, when perforce he would be compelled to seek the consent of his father to a union with the woman he loved, who, Humphrey doubted not, was worthy of him; he of course waited anxiously for the completion of his hopes.

Indiana Danvers was the daughter of a gentleman of good family; but he being a younger son, his fortune was small; and having engaged in some mercantile speculations, by which he had lost considerably, he was compelled to seek a refuge in India, leaving behind him a wife and infant daughter. Providence favoured his endeavours; in four years he was restored to fortune, and immediately sent to England for his family; his wife, eager to fly to the arms of her beloved husband, would not wait for a convoy, but hastened away with her infant daughter, accompanied by her sister, in the first ship that sailed. They were taken by a privateer from Toulon, and thus every hope being cut off, she drooped, and in a few months died; the captain, who was a kind hearted man, considering himself as the cause of Mrs. Danvers' premature death, determined to make all the atonement in his power, by adopting her infant, and protecting her sister. Indiana was brought up in the midst of every indulgent tenderness; but misfortune still seemed to pursue her. In a fight at sea, her benefactor was killed, and having neglected to make any will, his whole property fell into the hands of his brother; a man of libertine principles, and most vicious character. The lovely Indiana now caught his attention; he assailed her honour, but without success, and at length enraged at her virtue, swore to be avenged on her obstinacy; seizing, as his own inheritance, the little property which had been given to her by his brother, and arresting her for the expense of education and maintenance, from her childhood. Indiana, terrified at the coarse manners of the men who came to drag her to prison, shrieked aloud, and called for help: Bevil, then on his travels

and at that moment passing, demand admittance to the house; and learning that she was an orphan, an English woman, and unprotected, took on himself the arrangement of her affairs; and having compromised with her brutal persecutor, brought her, with her aunt Isabella, to England. It was his intention to solicit his father's permission to his union, and then to accompany her to Bristol, to make inquiries for her relatives: but all these fairy hopes were speedily put to flight; for immediately on his arrival, his father proposed the match between him and Miss Sealand. Bevil, reluctant to thwart him in an expectation, on which he appeared to have fixed his mind, forbore to declare the state of his affections on the first interview; but, unfortunately every following day involved him in more perplexity, and rendered the task of disclosure more and more difficult.

Indiana, and Isabella also, were each unhappy, though from different causes. Isabella, whose age and knowledge of the world rendered her suspicious, besides having been deceived and deserted by a selfish lover in her early youth, who sacrificed her affections for a splendid fortune, looked on all men with an unfavourable eye, and trembled for the happiness of her niece.—She plainly perceived her ardent love for Bevil, to whom she owed great obligations; and so exalted were Indiana's sentiments of gratitude, that she felt pride in owning those obligations. Isabella saw the bent of Indiana's mind, and did not doubt but it was equally perceptible to Bevil; and she feared these perpetual taxes on her gratitude were but so many artful snares to entrap her virtue. She therefore beset Indiana with perpetual censures on the conduct of her protector, attributing all his liberality to vicious motives, and assuring her she stood on a precipice, from which nothing less than a miracle could save her. Indiana, open, generous, noble minded, free from all suspicion, and loving the guardian of her honour almost to idolatry, was much afflicted at her aunt's ungenerous apprehensions; the more so, as she had not the power of positively refuting them. Bevil's whole conduct was indeed marked with a degree of delicacy the most admirable; he ever treated his fair charge with respect, but his intentions remained profoundly secret. He was even pointedly silent on all subjects, which could in any way lead to a declaration of designs honourable or dishonourable; and this was a source of much sorrow, from which Indiana had no remedy but what her own hopes presented: but those hopes were almost annihilated on the report of his marriage with Miss Sealand; the truth of which she could not learn, as Bevil himself never touched

on the subject, and she in common delicacy could not seem even to hint at it.

While her mind was thus anxious, and unsettled, she was one day surprised by a visit from a stranger, an elderly gentleman; his excuse was the payment of a bill, drawn by Mr. Bevil, which being due the following day, he had himself waited on her with the money. He then passed some compliments on her beauty, in a manner which rather alarmed her pride, and hinted at the known partiality of Mr. Bevil towards her; when Indiana, displeased at his freedom, arose to leave the room, saying she would send a servant to receive the money. The stranger requested her to remain, and assured her he had not any intention of wounding her pride, or offering offence to her delicacy; but trusted she would pardon the anxiety of a father, who on the point of bestowing his only daughter on Mr. Bevil, was desirous of knowing the relation in which he stood to her: upon which disclosure Indiana, though her heart died within her, at this dreadful conviction of her protector's intended marriage, yet commanded her feelings, and begged him to proceed. Mr. Sealand, struck with the modesty, dignity, and beauty of Indiana, and shocked at the dreadful agitation into which his intelligence had thrown her, —which she strove in vain to conceal,—felt his indignation rise against Bevil, who if not the betrayer of her virtue, appeared at least the seducer of her affections, and the destroyer of her happiness; and he warmly expressed his disapprobation. Indiana interrupted him; and breaking out into the most ardent vindication of Bevil, declared his whole conduct towards her in such enthusiastic terms of fervour, that Mr. Sealand was at a loss which to admire most;—Bevil's generosity, or Indiana's gratitude. He entreated her to be composed, and to look on him as a friend; he would not, he said, interfere between her and Bevil, and should forbid his future addresses to his daughter. "Oh, no! no! no!" exclaimed Indiana vehemently, "do not let me interrupt the happiness of your daughter, and repay my obligations to the best of men with ingratitude. Secure your daughter's peace: give her to him; give her to my kind, my noble, generous Bevil; what have I to do but fly from the world, and waste my life in bitterness of anguish; lamenting my own presumption, which led me to raise my thought to him, whose station placed him so far above my hopes! Let me perish, but oh! let Bevil be for ever happy!"

Overcome by the violence of her emotions, Indiana was unable to proceed; and Mr. Sealand was affected even to tears at the sight of her distress. He took her hand with tenderness; and was in the act of raising it to his lips, when the sight of a brace-



let which she wore attracted his notice: he started, "Gracious heaven! what do I behold? how came you by this trinket? speak madam! for heaven's sake tell me who you are?" "Your daughter, Sir, (exclaimed Isabella, suddenly bursting into the room,) your own Indiana!" Indiana shrieked, and sinking at his feet, was in an instant clasped to the breast of—a father. It was indeed most true. Mr. Sealand, the rich merchant, was the very Mr. Danvers, who, twenty years before, had left his native land, to evade the approach of poverty. He had been deeply afflicted, when he received news of the death of his wife and child; for the ship in which they had sailed from England, was reported to have been wrecked, and every soul on board perished. He had some time afterwards entered into a second marriage, and previous to his return to England had a large estate bequeathed to him, on the condition of his taking the name of Sealand.—When he now made inquiries for Indiana as Miss Vanbrugen—the name of the captain who had adopted her; and which she had determined to retain until she was restored to her family, he had not the most distant idea whom he was going to meet: but Isabella knew him, though he had totally forgotten her; and naturally supposing his errand was to claim his child, she pleased herself with the idea of a delightful surprise to her beloved niece; and therefore waited in the adjoining apartment till the sound of Indiana's distress reached her ear, and she returned to the room at the moment of Mr. Sealand's inquiry.

This unexpected discovery altered the posture of affairs, and put a speedy termination to all difficulties. Sir John Bevil received with joy the lovely Indiana as his daughter-in-law; and Bevil, in raptures, declared his love, and took her hand, as the first of all earthly blessings. Lucinda was too generous to lament the loss of half her fortune, by the discovery of a sister; and the claims of her two lovers were now easily arranged. The avaricious Cimberton thought proper to murmur at the loss of half his intended wife's property, while Myrtle only requested her hand, offering to relinquish her entire fortune, if such a sacrifice was necessary. Mrs. Sealand was a good deal disappointed; but the mercenary motives of her relative Cimberton left her little opportunity for undertaking his defence; she therefore yielded to necessity, and gave, though reluctantly, her consent to Myrtle; a consent she would nevertheless have gladly withheld, had she possessed the power.—Preparations were instantly made of the most splendid nature, and in a few days the double union took place, of Bevil and Indiana, Myrtle and Lucinda.

## THE GLEANER.

—So we'll live,  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh,  
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too.

**QUID PRO QUO.**—A Deacon of a country Meeting in some part of New Hampshire one day accosted the Minister and requested him to introduce Latin in his sermons, making complaints because he had never done so before. "Pshaw," said the Minister, "you can't understand it, and why should I speak in a language which the congregation know nothing about?" "Because" replied the Deacon with great *sang froid*: "*we pay for the best and want to receive the best!*"

**AVARICE.**—Sir Thomas Colby, who lived at Kensington, killed himself by rising in the middle of the night, when he was in a very profuse sweat, the effect of a medicine which he had taken for that purpose, and walking down stairs to look for the key of his cellar, which he had inadvertently left on a table in his parlour: he was apprehensive that his servants might seize the key and rob him of a bottle of port wine. This man died intestate, and left more than 200,000*l.* in the funds, which was shared among five or six day-labourers, who were his nearest relations.

**ANECDOTE OF A PRISON.**—M. Ouvrard, an army contractor, is at present in prison, at Paris, on heavy charges; but he has realised large sums, and lives like a prince.—The following story is told of his incarceration:—On the same floor with his apartments are two rooms, which he desired to have, *pour s'arrondir*—that is, to have all the flat: the jailor told him he could not have the rooms, as they were hired by two debtors. "How much do they owe?" "About 10,000 francs." Here is the money," said Monsieur Ouvrard; and he paid the 10,000 francs, had the two rooms, *s'arrondit*, and the two prisoners were set at liberty!

**THE THREE POINTS OF RESEMBLANCE.**—A man having had his portrait painted, was induced by the artist to consult the people who were passing by, whether he had succeeded. He asked the first who came, "is this part a likeness?" The forced connoisseur replied, "the cap is a great likeness." He was going to ask a third, when the painter, stopping him, said, "the resemblance of the cap and clothes are of no importance; ask the gentleman what he thinks of the face." The latter hesitated a good while; at last, being obliged to give an opinion of some sort, he replied: "the beard and the hair are a very great likeness."

## THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat  
To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

### CROSSING THE ALPS.

No 11.

THE plain which covers the summit of Mont Cenis is nearly three quarters of a league in length. Here it was that, in the conception of his gigantic plans, Napoleon resolved to construct a town, and the triumphal arch, which he afterwards decreed to the "Grand Army," when victory began to be treacherous. In 1809, Prince Borghese, Governor-General of the Departments beyond the Alps, came with great pomp and ceremony, accompanied by all his court, to lay the first stone of those vast barracks, which were only recently terminated. It is on the plain of Mont Cenis, that we find the *hospice* of those monks who have devoted their lives to humanity, and the exercise of all the offices of hospitality. They live there happy in the consciousness of bestowing happiness upon others; they accept no remuneration from the travellers, whom they have treated like brothers. At the extremity of the plain, we commence our descent of the southern side of the mountain. The north winds begin to lose their privilege of chilling the powers of the earth and animal life. We contrive to sit upon our saddles with less constraint; our tongues move with greater freedom, and we pour forth our songs with greater glee. But we are still compelled to make our downward path through the mountain mists—above which, the snowy-crested Mont Cenis glitters in the bright sun. At night, we beheld, in the distance, a shifting glimmer of lights, which seemed every moment to approach us more nearly. This is one of the practices of the people of this district, which combines a beneficial result with an interested motive. Every night, the inhabitants of the Novalèse, carrying lighted torches, wait for the arrival, not only of caravans, but likewise of travellers, as they descend Mont Cenis, and, for the sake of two or three francs, illuminate their route into the town. Novalèse is a sombre Piedmontese town, situated in a narrow defile. Having nothing more agreeable to do, we ate, drank, and slept there. The bread here is singular. It is shaped like a ring, slender, crisp, and pleasant to the taste. It is called *gressini*, and Bonaparte was so fond of it, that he ordered it to be sent to him regularly from Turin.

In the course of our next day's travel, before we arrived at Suze, we were struck by the view of the fortification of Brunette, which occupies the height of an isolated

mountain. The fortress, which appears quite impregnable, was taken in an assault by the French. The capture of this place appears miraculous, and almost exceeds the power of imagination. Suze is the first town in Demont, and lies nearly at the base of Mont Cenis. It is said to have been originally founded by a Roman colony, which established itself there when Augustus caused a passage into Dauphiné to be opened. This colony probably intended to carry on an intercourse of trade with the Gauls, for, as to any incentive to settling there, it is difficult to conceive it. The town is ill-built, irregular, and badly paved. The remains are still to be seen there of a triumphal arch, raised by the founders in honour of the Emperor Augustus.

From Suze to Turin, is just forty miles. About half-way, we bid adieu to the mountains, and enter upon the country of plains, where a softer air announces the mildness of the climate. We meet with young Piedmontese girls, in short petticoats, and round felt hats, ornamented with black plumes. The vines are here "married to the elms;" mulberry trees border the roads; the meadows are still green and smiling, although the mowers are cutting the last sproutings of the season. A long, wide, and beautiful road, planted with trees, leads from Rivoli to Turin, a distance of eight miles, with a gentle descent all the way. The plains upon the left are diversified, fertile, and watered by a great number of canals, into which the waters of the river Doire disperse themselves. This plain stretches into Lombardy, and terminates at the gulf of Venice. It was under the influence of all those delightful feelings which the prospect of a beautiful and civilized country excites, that we entered Turin by the gate of Suze, and the Rue de la Doire, which is incontestably the finest street in Europe.

## THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,  
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,  
So long the just and generous will befriend,  
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BROOKS.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE DRAMA.

MACKLIN was a rigorous censor, in what he termed "stage discipline." He would not allow of either actor or actress forgetting, for even one instant, the character they assumed. "With regard to the women, (he used to say,) I am out of patience, when I see a leer shot at some buck in the pit, from Estifania; or a side-long curtsy dropped to my lady dutchess, by the queen Constance.—But when Romeo, or Ranger, look more at the slips than to Juliet's tomb, or



Clorinda's window, I could drub the fellow off the stage!" His judgment was certainly correct in its principle; and, it is not less true, that once or twice in the long course of frequenting the theatre, I have caught Garrick casting a glance towards lady Burlington's box, where his attractive Eva sat, a too powerful temptation to be resisted,—he was then paying his addresses to her in private; and what lover could wholly restrain his eyes from something wandering to the same bright object in public, when conscious it was shining on him? Could this spur have been so cold, he could never have entered into the soul of Romeo—into the spirit of Ranger.—But excepting in that case, I never beheld the steady mind in personation of David Garrick, seem to swerve one minute from the actual business on the boards. Macklin, indeed, "old as he was, for lady's love unfit!" like many of his younger cotemporaries on the stage, could not always stomach the admiration which the fair part of the audience often manifested to Mr. Garrick, not merely in the quality of his profession as an actor, but as one of the most elegant and agreeable men in the town. But he was himself so aware of the necessity of keeping any observation of the audience out of the apparent thoughts of the performer, that he made it a first law with all new comers on the boards, never to turn their eyes from the sharers in the scene, unless when an apostrophe, soliloquy, or any other such occasion, demanded a front to the audience. One night, while playing the lady in *Lette*, Mrs. Clive, in turning her head towards the stage-box, chanced to encounter the eye of Charles Townsend. That gay son of wit and fun, pointed instantly to an old belle on his left, a very caricature of the ridiculous dame she was portraying to the life. The actress paused for a moment, and burst out a laughing. The galleries saw the joke, and joined most boisterously in the mirth, clapping loudly with their hands at the same time. The nice delicacy of Mr. Garrick felt the indecorum of what was passing; and in the same spirit he met Mrs. Clive at the door of the green-room, on her exit from the scene.—"Madam, (said he,) your smiles are always despotic. It was those of Mrs. Clive, which called down that burst of merriment just now; to-morrow night I hope it will be produced by that of the character she intended to personate!" This judicious actress was not backward in comprehending his meaning; and shutting her eyes sportively, rapped their lids with her fan—"I whip the truants, (cried she,) that brought me into the scrape; they never again shall so betray their mistress."—While reading these anecdotes, can the most captious disbelieve that perfect acting was produced by discipline such as this?—But what would this theatrical Solon, and this

fair discipline think, could they become spectators of the present state of the stage; where, with a very few exceptions, the character enacted is one of the last things in the thought of the performer. With the men the meaning of Shakspeare is forgotten, in a search after the prevailing "mood of the gods and groundlings," or to shew some as absurd mannerism of their own. The start, the pause, the cadence tumbling from *alt* to *bass*, the writhe, the growl; are all exhibited, whether the actor shew himself in tyrant, hero, lover, or philosopher; and indeed it is himself he shows; for on rising from our seats we know as little of the personage intended to be performed, as if Mr. A. or B. had never honoured it with their names in the bills.

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## **BIOGRAPHY.**

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The proper study of mankind is man.

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### MEMOIRS OF MISS BENDER.

FEW of the ladies of England who have acquired reputation by their literary talents, have been aided by the discriminating parent, or intelligent friend. The father of Miss Bender who had, in early youth, renounced the lucrative pursuits of trade for the hardships and casualties of nautical life, became, shortly after her birth, a purser in the royal navy, but died in the East Indies before he had realized those golden speculations which would have ensured affluence to his wife and daughter. At this period, the latter was engaged in acquiring those classical and elegant accomplishments, which her parents had, hitherto, not deemed it prudent to bestow. Although her masters were now dismissed, she relinquished not her pursuits. A copy of her verses attracted the attention of an amiable poetess, by whom she was presented to a family of high literary attainment; through whose introduction she soon numbered among her friends some of the most enlightened and virtuous individuals in England; among others Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, a woman far superior to the petty jealousies of authorship, and who appears to have been unwearied in prompting and assisting the efforts of her youthful associate.

Under these happy auspices Miss Bender produced one of the poems in Bowyer's splendid volume on the abolition of the Slave Trade, in 1812; and two novels, of which the success was not commensurate with the anticipation of her sanguine friend. The memoirs of Mrs. Hamilton and of John Tobin, were more popular; but it was reserved for Anne Boleyn (of which the felicitous subject combines the attractions of history and romance,) to establish the authoress's reputation. Her Mary queen of Scots, too,

is a work which has not a little contributed to increase her literary fame.

At present Miss Benger is employed on the *Memoirs of Elizabeth queen of Bohemia*, the daughter of James the First of England, a lady who has been greatly praised for her beauty, magnanimity, and generosity, and whose adventures possess much of the romantic. After fatally instigating her husband to accept the crown of Bohemia, she is said to have redeemed that error by the constancy by which she supported adversity; by the scorn with which she refused to connive at her son's apostacy, even to regain the Palatinate; and by the simple plan of education she adopted for her children. In the hands of Miss Benger it is expected that ample justice will be done to the character of this celebrated princess.

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### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

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— Science has sought, on weary wing,  
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

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#### MINUTES OF CONVERSATIONS AT DR. MITCHILL'S.

##### *Idolatry of the Age.*

THOUGH factitious forms and usages, the productions of human hands, may seem to the enlarged and generalizing mind, absurd objects of adoration; yet there are stages of society when men worship the things of their own fabrication, chiefly because they cherish, in an especial manner, the monuments of their own industry, genius, and taste. The age, when sensible representations are required to fix the attention and to embody thought, is the season of idolatry; though in any and every age, there may be individuals who stand in need of such external aids to devotions to stimulate their gross conceptions.

When the intellectual powers are so far unfolded as to have attained the power of abstraction, then the fantastic productions of manual art are rejected, and are succeeded by the deductions of logical reason. Still, in the present time, there are abundant examples of crude and material articles made by mortal creatures, as the objects or auxiliaries of worship. Some specimens from the museum were produced: viz.

1. An idol from the friendly isles in the Pacific Ocean, had been brought to Nantucket by Captain W. H. Coffin, and forwarded to its present place, by the Revd. Seth F. Swift, pastor of a congregation

there. It is in the form of a frightful monster: about four feet in length, with an appearance of something remotely like head, neck, arms, and hands, and a curved body terminating in a tail somewhat resembling that of a lobster. It is constructed of a cany craticle, or basket work, covered with the paper-cloth manufactured by the Polynesians. The head is elevated to a ridge, having the similitude of a helmet; and the face hideously painted. There are some other fantastic daubings on the back and belly. The ground is white; the colours black, with variegations of red to decorate the helmet, or head-piece.

2. Two sculptured images, brought by Captain Donald Mc Kay, from one of the Fejee-islands: (a) one a male figure, about twenty inches high, formed of a reddish and light sort of wood, fat-faced, high-headed, clumsy, disproportioned, uncouth, and mis-shapen. The nates, and calves of the legs are enormous; the nipples situated on the abdomen; the feet emerged in a broad expansion somewhat after the manner of snow-shoes. The eyes are represented by two shells of the venus or clam, with their convexities outwards. The head covered by a turban of the before-mentioned preparation from bark, being a fabric performing the offices of cloth, though unaided by the distaff or wheel, the loom or shuttle. The waist encircled by a girdle of the like material, white as muslin, and almost as fine, tied behind. The artist has so fashioned this piece of ugliness, that when placed on a level surface as a table, it can stand erect. (b.) Another, a female figure, about fourteen inches long, formed of a black and heavy wood like ebony, likewise flat-faced, high-headed, clumsy, disproportioned, uncouth, and mis-shapen. The mammæ are huge and dependent; the umbilicus (as in the preceding) conspicuous; and the feet merged to the ankles in the stool of support. The eyes not adorned by shells; nor the head by wreathes or turbans. The waist is surrounded by a delicate cincture. An admirable trait in this statue is, that the right hand of the mother is directed behind to the support of her tender offspring, while the left is employed in the attitude so much admired in the Medicean and Capitolian Venus. The infant she sustains with her hand, is borne on her back.

3. An amulet of green jade, or axe-stone,



from New Zealand. It is a rude imitation of the human head, neck, and shoulders. The length, three inches and a half, and the breadth two. In the upper part is a loop-hole for receiving the string by which it was suspended. The gross delineations of the features are horrible distortions. The misplaced eyes are represented by circles of mother of pearl shell. The information was that the wearer had a double object in view, to possess an ornament for his person, and a safe-guard against diseases and evil spirits. —As a mineral, it is a fine specimen.

4. Two Josses from China, made of blue and white porcelain: between three and four inches long; and in a sitting posture as far as could be collected; these little images are a sort of household gods, of the same class with the Lares and Penates of the ancient Romans.

5. Things from Weahoo, one of the Sandwich Islands: (a) an image of sculptured wood, intended to represent the human form. It is made of the hard and heavy wood commonly used for war-clubs (*aquilaria*?) and is fourteen inches long. The head is disproportionately large, and the feet disproportionately small. There is a considerable curvature of the body forward; and the artist has made an attempt at anatomy by carving the back-bone and ribs. The nose is hugely aquiline; the chin is decorated with a tuft imitating beard; the upper limbs enormously long; the lower limbs enormously short. And there is an attempt to show the hair of the head, curiously platted and adjusted. This and the succeeding article were received through S. Hazard, Esq., from Captain O. Alley. (c) A crescent, or lunarian figure, like a gorget, of a remarkably neat workmanship. The distance from one horn to the other on a right line, is ——— and measured round the exterior curve, is ——— inches. The greatest width at the middle is ———, the thickness ———. There is not only a convex and concave margin or edge, but a convex side and a concave side. And on the concave side, there is an excavation in a crescent-form, an eighth of an inch deep, which is coloured by red paint.

It is reported that this utensil is employed in celebrations held upon the appearance of the new moon; and that in brandishing and displaying it, the holder rubs the ruddy

ochre in the before-mentioned semilunar groove, strongly with his finger. Within the extreme points, and along the concave edge, there are imitations of human faces, with excessively long noses and chins. This representation of the crescent, used in the exercises of religion, excited strong attention. It puts the beholders in mind of the new moon. It is the more remarkable on account of the relation it bears to neomenia, or festival with which the new moon's appearance was celebrated by many nations in early ages. The most obvious measure of time in remote days, was the moon; which served in a plain and convenient manner to regulate devotional and other concerns. When the crescent was once seen, it was a custom to celebrate the event by a repast, a sacrifice or prayer. These ceremonies and practices were frequently performed on elevated ground or high places. They were steadily observed among the Hebrews, Egyptians, Persians and Arabians. The crescent is to this day the symbol or emblem of the mahometan religion.

The feast of the new moon is very memorable in the history of David and Saul (1 Sam. ch. xx.) when the son of the Shunanite woman was raised from the dead by Elisha; it was neither Sabbath nor full moon. (Kings, ch. iv.) Asaph wrote, (Psa. lxxx. v. 3.) "Blow up the trumpet in the new moon in the time appointed, on our solemn feast-day." The importance of the neomenia is testified in Isaiah lxvi. 23; Ezekiel xlv. 1. 6; Amos viii. 5; Paul Coloss. ii. 16: and in about a dozen other places in the Hebrew Scriptures. As far as a rational interpretation can be given, one of two inferences may be drawn, either that the inhabitants of the Sandwich group of islands are of Asiatic descent, deriving their notions of the new-moon from their western ancestors, or that from the great advantage of calculating by the observance of the new moon, mankind in very remote situations adopted the observances of the neomenia, without any communication whatever with each other.

#### MINERAL PHENOMENON.

Haycliff mine, now no longer worked, was once the grand depository of that extraordinary phenomenon in the mineral

world, provincially called slickensides.—The external appearance of this curious species of galena is well known wherever mineralogy has been studied. At the present time good specimens of it are extremely rare, and can only be met with in cabinets that have been long established. In those mines where it has most prevailed, it exhibits but little variety, either in form or character. An upright pillar of limestone rock, intermixed with calcareous spar, contains this exploding ore: the surface is thinly coated over with lead, which resembles a covering of plumbago, and it is extremely smooth, bright, and even. These rocky pillars have their polished faces opposed to each other: sometimes they nearly touch, sometimes they are farther apart, the intervening space being filled up with smaller portions and fragments of spar and particles of lead ore; and a number of narrow veins, of a whitish colour and a powdery consistency, intersect and run in oblique directions amongst the mass.

The effects of this extraordinary mineral are not less singular than terrific. A blow with a hammer, a stroke or a scratch with a miner's pick, are sufficient to rend those rocks asunder with which it is united or embodied. The stroke is immediately succeeded by a crackling noise, accompanied with a sound not unlike the mingled hum of a swarm of bees: shortly afterwards, an explosion follows, so loud and appalling, that even the miners, though a hardy race of men, and little accustomed to fear, turn pale and tremble at the shock. This dangerous combination of matter must, consequently, be approached with caution. To avoid the use of the common implements of mining, a small hole is carefully bored, into which a little gunpowder is put, and exploded with a match; the workmen then withdraw to a place of safety, to wait the result of their operations. Sometimes not less than five or six successive explosions ensue at intervals of from two to ten or fifteen minutes, and occasionally they are so sublimely awful, that the earth has been violently shaken to the surface by the concussion, even when the discharge has taken place at the depth of more than one hundred fathoms.

When the Haycliff mine was open, a person of the name of Higginbottom, who was unused to the working of slickensides, and not much apprehensive of danger, was repeatedly cautioned not to use his pick in the getting of the ore. Unfortunately for himself, he paid little attention to the admonitions of his fellow-miners. He struck the fatal stroke, that by an apparently electrical communication set the whole mass instantaneously in motion, shook the surrounding earth to its foundation, and with a noise as tremendous as thunder, scattered the

rocky fragments in every direction, through the whole vacuity of Haycliff mine. Thick boards of ash, at the distance of twenty or thirty paces, were perforated by pieces of rock six inches diameter. The poor miner was dreadfully cut and lacerated, yet he escaped with life. The impression made on his mind by this incident determined him, on his recovery, to discontinue the dangerous trade of mining.

The loudest explosion remembered to have taken place in Haycliff mine has been mentioned by Whitehurst, in his *Theory of the Formation of the Earth*. It occurred in the year 1738, and he affirms that "the quantity of two hundred barrels of materials were blown out at one blast, each barrel being supposed to contain from three to four hundred pounds' weight. During the explosion," he adds, "the ground was observed to shake as if by an earthquake." The accuracy of this statement can hardly be questioned; and, if correct, what an idea it conveys of the immense force required to dis sever, from a solid mass of internal rock, so formidable a weight!

#### *Volcano on the Continent of Asia.*

The great majority of the volcanoes hitherto known, in the different quarters of the globe, being situated within a short distance from the sea, it has been frequently assumed that there must be some connexion between the element and the mountains which exhibited volcanic phenomena. Thus the numerous volcanoes of South America, are situated within fifty leagues of the sea-coast; whereas none have been yet met with in the centre of that great continent. Mention, however, is made of a burning mountain in the interior of Asia, in the work of an Arabic writer, Ibn-el-Wardi, entitled the *Pearl of Wonders*. Messrs. Hylander, (father and son), professors in the university of Upsal, have published, from a MS. in the university library, the first chapter of this work, together with a Latin version. In this chapter, mention is made of a mountain which emits flames by night and smoke by day. It is stated to be situated in the country of *Tim*, which is between the Oxus and the Iaxartes, and in the mountains of which rises the river Sogd. This mountain must be at least 160 common French leagues to the east of lake Aral, and 230 leagues to the east of the Caspian sea.

If, then, this is allowed to be a real volcano, it is another instance of such a mountain situated in the interior of Asia, at a great distance from any sea, to be added to those two quoted by M. Abel Remusat, from Chinese authors. It is proper to observe, that, according to Ibn-el-Wardi, it produces sal ammoniac, as the Chinese authors like-



wise state of the mountains which they mention as emitting flame by night and smoke by day.

Some mineralogists may take this as a proof that these ignivomous mountains in the interior of Asia, are real volcanoes; but others may imagine, that the phenomena reported by those writers, and by Ibn-el-Wardi, are caused by strata of coal, in a state of combustion, such as those near Saint Etienne, in Forez, which also produces sal-ammoniac. They may adduce, in support of this opinion, the alum, or aluminous schistus, spoken of by the Arabic author as existing in the same country.

Pallas, in his travels, (sect. IV.), describes an ignivomous mountain which he visited in 1770, in the government of Orenburg. He speaks of vapours, which appeared during the day in the form of smoke, and showed slight flames when the night was dark and stormy. He does not give his opinion on the cause of this appearance, but he seems by no means to consider it as having any connexion with a volcanic phenomenon.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

A gold medal was awarded in the year 1824, by the Scientific Society of Haarlem (Holland), to a Mr. W. Bailey, iron-manufacturer, London, for his description of a method for cultivating fruit in hot-houses. His paper was written in English.

#### ELECTRICO-MAGNETICAL EXPERIMENT.

—Mr. William Sturgeon, of Woolwich, has shown that a magnetic bar, mounted freely on its axis passing through its two poles, and in this state subjected to currents of electricity, passing from its equator, or middle point towards each pole, is thereby caused to revolve on its axis.

Mr. J. Murray, in a paper in Brewster's Edinburgh Journal of Science, just published, after detailing a number of experiments on frogs, rabbits, &c. says, "I have no hesitation to pronounce, with most positive certainty, that in Ammonia will be found a complete antidote to hydrocyanic (or prussic) acid, and, in acetic acid, an effectual counter-poison to opium."

**SWIMMING SOLDIERS.**—In a recent work on swimming, and its application to the art of war, by M. le Vicomte de Courtivron, a French-field officer, he recommended the formation of a company of swimming soldiers in every regiment, and describes the various important duties of which they would be capable, among which is even that

of conducting cannon placed on rafts to any desired position!

**AFRICA.**—Letters have been received, which confirm the death of Captain N. J. Gordon, of the Navy, who had undertaken to ascend the Nile, and to penetrate to the springs of Bahr-el-Abiad. He had reached Villet-Medinet, one day's journey from Senaar. The loss of this distinguished officer adds another to the long list of victims which African discovery has caused to science.

Dr. Kyber, who accompanied Baron Wrangell and Lieut. Anjou, on their expedition to North-East Siberia, and the coasts of the Frozen Sea, in 1820-1824, declares, in the journal of St. Petersburg, that the accounts given of that expedition, in French and German journals, are false or incorrect, and promises shortly to give extracts from the official journal of the expedition.

General Livren, who has been in Egypt, with Mahomet Aly, in company with General Boyer, and several other French officers, is arrived at Paris, and has brought many natural curiosities. He had with him an elephant, but it died on the passage.

Blackwood is about to publish another volume, by the author of *Lights and Shadows*, called "The Foresters." It is now two years since he has given us any thing in this way, and we only hope this may equal his delightful "Margaret Lyndsay."

An historical account of the Frasers is preparing for the press, which will not only trace this clan from its earliest settlement in Scotland to the present day, but embrace many remarkable events in national annals connected with the north Highlands. The work will treat principally of the family of Lovat; but it is by no means purely genealogical. The feudal disputes of the clans of the north will necessarily occupy a predominant place.

Dr. Nares, regius professor of modern history in the university of Oxford, is preparing for publication, memoirs of the life and administration of lord Burleigh, lord-high-treasurer of England, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, with extracts from his private and official correspondence, and other papers not previously investigated.

There are in the press, the Poetical Works of Anna Letitia Barbauld; with a Memoir, by Lucy Aikin; 1 vol. 8vo. Also, the Correspondence, and other Prose Works of Mrs. Baubauld, in another octavo volume.

**RICE PAPER.**—The substance called rice paper, which is brought from China, and much used for representing richly-coloured insects and other objects of natural history, and for making artificial flowers, is ascertained to be a vegetable production. On being exposed to the action of boiling olive oil, it was made transparent, and thus its structure was ascertained. It consists of long hexagonal cells, their length being parallel to the surface of the film. When in its usual state these cells are filled with air, which renders it soft and well adapted to many purposes. It is said to be the membrane of the bread-fruit tree, the *artocarpus incisifolia* of naturalists.

**SUBSTITUTE FOR THE STOMACH PUMP.**—A newly-invented substitute for the stomach-pump has been used with success, in removing a fluid from the stomach of a man in Cork. The instrument, from its simplicity of form, is particularly deserving of remark; it consists of a glass bulb, to the side of which the flexible tube is attached. The mouth is applied to the tube at the upper part, to cause an exhaustion, while an aperture below is kept shut by the finger, the fluid fills the bulb, and escapes when the finger is removed.

**GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.**—Mr. Volker, a German, intends to establish an institution for gymnastic exercises in London, on the plan of the celebrated Jahn, to whom Prussia is so much indebted, and whom she has so basely abused.

## LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, all that can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.

MARQUIS D'ARGENS

### THE PROSE WRITINGS OF MATURIN.

THE prose writings of Maturin defy the coldness of criticism. They are composed of glaring defects and dazzling beauties, jumbled promiscuously together, without regard to order, consistency, or to any known principle of composition. Sparing ordinary limitations, he sets out with the determination of astonishing; and if he cannot please, he will at least startle you. He makes so little secret, too, of his intention; he is so indifferent an economist of his resources; that he is prodigal of the exposure of his treasure at the very outset of his journey. He is all passion and sentiment. We rise from the perusal of his works, dazzled, and delighted, but displeased; a strange association, but a true one. The exuberance of his imagination defies all limits; and placing no value either on correctness or con-

sistency, he says the silliest and the sublimest things, all in a breath, without order and without care. His pictures of life are like the phantoms of a fever; the offspring of a morbid fancy, but neither natural nor just. His characters are the beings of an imaginary world of his own creating, yet he seems to wish them to be taken for counterparts of reality; and although we are chained to the perusal of their development in breathless attention, they leave no durable impressions, no healthful feeling of moral improvement or expansion of heart. Like the lightning's flash, we are dazzled with the momentary lustre, but a sense of darkness succeeds to the exaltation. They may be compared to a large collection of highly coloured paintings—they bewilder and confuse; and we lose all perception of individual beauty in the overpowering delirium excited by surveying it as a whole. Yet it is in minute portions that his merit chiefly consists. He is ever aiming at brilliancy, and he sometimes succeeds. Always grasping at some novel idea, or placing old thoughts in a new light; ever epigrammatizing, and studying effect, he frequently elicits very splendid conceptions.

His skill in dialogue is indifferent, and all his characters have this glaring defect,—they speak one language. There is little distinction in their sentiments, and none in their mood of expressing them. Eva the methodist, and Elvira the actress, are equally passionate, and they are mere caricatures of humanity. Such beings never have, and never could have existed; and this censure will apply to all his prominent personages. The parricide in Melmoth and the most virtuous of his characters are equally sentimental; the highest and the lowest are equally learned; discerning and well informed, they are all heroes, and speak not after the fashion of this world. They all philosophize, moralize, and epigrammatize; and every one of them struts upon stilts. There is no keeping, no character about them.—You might often transpose their sentiments without detriment to their individuality, and their speech and their action are characterised by equal absurdity. Yet Maturin is a writer of genius; and that genius would have been highly appreciated, had its exuberance been controlled by the influence of a correct and sober judgment. He wants method, consistency, and verisimilitude. It is evident that he hazards his thoughts upon paper, before they are properly digested. He is no syllabus framer; and there is little doubt that he has often but a confused idea of his plot when he begins to write. He is like a man who should project a magnificent building without having formed a plan, or reflected on the adequacy of his materials. It proves a mixture of the absurd and the beau-



tiful, and remains a splendid ruin. It is therefore manifest that Maturin's genius had little likelihood of ever advantaging his fame; for his faults, arising from the luxuriance of an over-cited mind, which must either produce weeds and flowers, or weeds only, appear too much the result of an impetuous and diseased habit of thinking, to admit of an effectual remedy.

### THE GRACES.

We come," said they, and Echo said, "We come,"  
In sounds that o'er me hovered like perfume:  
"We come," THE GRACES three: to teach the spell,  
That makes sweet woman lovelier than her bloom."  
Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell:  
"Let Wit, and Wisdom, with her sovereign Beauty  
dwell."

**A BRIDAL NIGHT.**—In the hurricane which desolated Barbadoes, in 1675, neither mansion nor cot, neither house nor tree, escaped its ravages, except the few which were sheltered by some neighbouring hill or clift. In Speight's town, every house was either blown down or materially injured—Several families were buried in the ruins of their fallen habitations, and there was scarcely one but lamented some relation, friend, or acquaintance, swept to an untimely grave. Amidst this scene of ruin and misery, the fate of Major Streate and his fair bride, deserves to be remembered for its whimsical singularity. They had been married that evening, at the plantation called Anderson's: but the pitiless storm, regardless of the sanctity of the marriage-bed, blew them from their bridal chamber; and with relentless fury, lodged them in a pimple-hedge. In this bed of thorns, they were found the next morning, incapable of manifesting those tender attentions which their new-formed relation demanded, or affording each other the assistance which their comfortless condition required.

**FEMALES OF TARTARY.**—Some of the Tartar women wear long snow-white veils, which conceal not only the face, but the whole of the head, and upper part of the body; and as if veils were insufficient to protect them from observation, they no sooner behold a man than they hang their heads, and endeavour to escape notice by flight.—An English servant observing this practice, deemed it to be an act of rudeness on his part to give them the trouble of hiding their faces and of running away on his account; therefore whenever he encountered them, he covered his face and took to his heels, in order to hide himself in the first place he could find. This past unnoticed for some time: at length the Tartar women, struck by the singularity of seeing a man always avoiding them, let fall a portion of their

veils when they next met him; but this only caused him to run faster than before.—Such conduct excited their curiosity more than ever, and at last they fairly hunted him: after following him in parties to his hiding-place with their veils off, they resolved to see a man who, for the first time, concealed his face at the approach of a woman; and, having caught him, they actually demanded an explanation of his unaccountable behaviour.

**MATRIMONIAL INDUCEMENTS.**—Women, says Lord Bacon, are our mistresses in youth, our companions in maturity, and our nurses in old age. One has, therefore, at every time of life, reasons for marrying.—Probably the celebrated Theodore Beza, the Genevan reformer, was actuated by this sentiment; for he *thrice* became an adventurer in the matrimonial lottery. Hence Guy Patin, punning on the Latin word *vir*, which signifies either a man, or a husband called Beza, a *triumvir*. The following epigram was written on his three marriages by Stephen Pasquier, a learned Frenchman:—

Three times have I taken it into my head,  
At so many different periods, to wed.  
When a young man, I sought out a beautiful wife,  
To be the delight of my morning of life;  
Middle-aged, I chose one for the weight of her purse;  
When an old man, I married to get me a nurse.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.

ACTORS and actresses are somewhere about the queerest people in the world. It is no wonder: what is amusement to the rest of mankind, is business to them. You laugh at an odd dress, as a thing of fun, which, nevertheless, has been subject of deep meditation to its wearer. Trifles, therefore, become of the highest importance, and the conduct is tinged accordingly. Macklin actually killed a man in a squabble about a black wig. Then, to this must be added their vagrant mode of life, which has ever been found to produce whimsicality. Here to-day, gone yesterday—to speak à l'Irlandoise—is their motto. It gives them gipsy habits of snatching hasty pleasures, and of being content under calamities which would oppress and sink deeper thinkers. It is a kind of hand-to-mouth life; and in the lowest deep is hope at all times. Hence arises to me, at least, the greatest charm of their memoirs; the very worst and most stupid of which is nevertheless, amusing. Somehow or other, when they become rich and magnificent, I lose my *gusto* for reading their adventures, as I do for getting through Gil Blas after he has turned fine gentleman. There is much more raciness in the barn scenes, the scrambling about in provincial

theatres, the shifts and tricks which the wandering sons of Thespis are obliged to resort to, than in their career when idolized by the public, dresses in *real* brocade, and strutting and fretting their hour in the gorgeous palaces of Drury Lane or Covent Garden.

Jealous of one another they decidedly are: but they have one peculiarity which does not appear in any other profession—they delight in having the profession itself laughed at. Nobody enters more keenly into the ridicule of Sylvester Daggerwood, and his dignity, than the performer who enacts him. Joke, quiz, caricature the histrionic art as you please, and you will be sure that the laugh will not be louder from any than from the very corps at whose expense you have raised the jocular. The only thing which I have observed to raise the bile of a tragedy, comedy, or even farce actor, was the preference occasionally shown to pantomimes and spectacle above the regular drama. It would exhaust more paper than I destined, if I were even to glance at the never-ending jests and quips which their life gives rise to. Few trades afford any more pleasant, not even the bar—great jokers though the gentry of the long robe be.—The following anecdote, however, of John Kemble, as it is but little known, I shall venture to give:—John dined one day with the prince of Wales, now George IV. and, as he used to tell the story, met there Kelly and Banister, and others of his brethren, standing obscurely and deferently as far as possible from the prince and his noble *cortège*. "I had no such feeling, sir," said John; "and knowing that talent is above rank, I took my place accordingly. I sat at dinner very near the prince; and after dinner was produced some wine, recommended as a rarity, and worth drinking. I drank a glass of it—I did not like it—it was not good. I passed it the next time, and the next. All the lordlings at the board drank and praised it because it was at the prince's table. He noticed that I did not fill my glass, and said, 'Kemble, why don't you drink? don't you like my wine?' 'No, sir,' I replied, 'I do not like the wine, it is *bad*.' The lordlings looked aghast. 'Bad, Kemble!' said the prince,—'hand it to me,' (he was himself drinking wine of a different kind.) He tasted it. 'Ay,' said he, 'Kemble is right—it is *bad*. I should not have asked you to drink it, but that you see all those lords and gentlemen concur in praising it.' On which I looked his royal highness straight in the face, and, waving my hand backwards on the rest of the company, titled and untitled, I said, *they*." It was a grand touch. Just conceive Kemble putting on his Coriolanus look, and performing the feat. It must have been a splendid sight. H.

## EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 8. Vol. III. of *New Series* of the *MIRRA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Ben Pie, or the Indian Murderer*; a tale founded on fact.

THE TRAVELLER.—*Crossing the Alps*. No. III.

THE DRAMA.—*London Theatres*.

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of William Lowry*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Conversations at Dr. Mitchell's. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals*.

LITERATURE.—*Notices of Eminent Authors*.

THE GRACES.—*Leisure Hours*.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*The Cleanly Shrew*.

POETRY.—*Charity*; by "Pythias." *A Midsummers-day Musings*; by "W. G. C.;" and other pieces.

GLEANER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

## THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

Mr. Stephen Nichols, of Salem, has invented an ingenious apparatus for trying the strength of chain cables in a very accurate manner.

A company of United States Engineers are now engaged in surveying a route for a canal up the valley of Connecticut river, to extend as far as the Canada line.

A gentleman of Boston has presented to the University at Cambridge a most valuable collection of 400 models of crystals, made in Paris for that distinguished mineralogist Count Bournon.

At Cincinnati there is a model of a machine for excavating the earth for the formation of canals. It excavates, elevates, and places the earth on the side of the canal, in any given distance from its margin.

A desert spoonful of made mustard, mixed in a tumbler glass of warm water, and drank immediately, is said to be an antidote against poisons.—It acts as an instantaneous emetic, is always ready, and may be used with safety in any case where one is required.

The great use of coffee in France is supposed to have abated the prevalence of the gravel. In the French colonies, where coffee is much used, as well as in Turkey where it is the principal beverage, the gravel and the gout are scarcely known.

### MARRIED,

C. L. Grim, Esq. to Miss E. C. Evard.  
Mr. D. R. Burns to Miss A. M. Grant.  
Mr. R. Waite to Miss S. M. Oakely.

### DIED,

Mr. T. Crollius, aged 39 years.  
Mrs. M. Laidlie, aged 83 years.



## POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

### THE DAYS OF YOUTH.

THE days of youth, those days of joy,  
The hours of playful childhood;  
The rambles of the little boy,  
Through pasture, grove, and wild-wood,  
Who can forget? where e'er we roam,—  
The world how e'er beguiling?—  
Our memories often waft us home,  
To scenes for ever smiling.

Who hath not oft in life recurred  
To some bird-nesting ramble—  
Some scene of mirth, that once occurred  
At some play-fellow's gambol?  
Our memories oft those scenes renew,—  
The pasture lies before us;  
The grove, the stream, are each in view,  
The willow's waving o'er us.

We feel the nibbling perch, and see  
The buoy-cork trembling, dangling;  
So true the dream appears, that we  
Are young again and angling:  
From flow'r to flow'r the hum-bird skips,  
The red-breast's singing o'er us;  
The strawberries even stain our lips,  
That memory lays before us.

The spangled fly, the buzzing bee,  
Once held between our fingers,—  
Though puerile sports,—in memory,  
Their lov'd impression lingers:  
The ball, the kite, the little mill,  
Of youth, now gather round me;  
And e'en the flocks, all bleating still,  
Most lovingly surround me.

Oh youth, blest youth! though life mature  
May boast of hoarded treasure,  
Alone thou dost to life insure  
Uncloyed and real pleasure:  
Of art than art all ignorance,  
Of care unconscious ever;  
Thy days are days of innocence,  
And wo betides thee never.  
*Baltimore.*

PYTHIAS.

For the Minerva.

Be still, thou foolish heart, nor beat  
So madly in this burning breast;  
Thy throbbings but increase the heat  
Of passion's flames, in passion's nest!

Oh, that there were a balm on earth,  
To soothe reflection's poisoning sting,—  
Or crush those thoughts, when in their birth,  
Which now my soul with anguish wring!

Thou wilt not break!—thou wilt not burst!—  
But still exist 'neath passion's reign;  
While with love's scalding tears thou'rt nurst,  
Thou'lt live—no!—linger e'er in pain.  
OSCAR.

### STANZAS.

BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

How chang'd to me this glitt'ring scene,  
Since last I trod its winding maze;—  
Oh! why should sorrow intervene,  
To blight the hopes of youthful days?  
Amid this busy crowd I view,  
No form—no face—I wish to see;  
There's not, in all this mirthful crew,  
One eye—whose smile gives joy to me!

Those who have felt the icy chill  
That steals through all the trembling frame,  
The throbbing pulse—the sick'ning thrill,—  
The bursting heart—the bursting brain—  
The listless apathy of mind—  
The fever of the aching breast—  
The cold fix'd brow, that looks resign'd,  
Yet inly pines—and does not rest,—

The weary limbs that taste not sleep,—  
But vainly turn and court repose,—  
The leaden eye, that cannot weep,  
Whose sorrow freezes as it flows,—  
The total hopelessness of heart,  
That fondly cherishes its grief,  
That grows enamoured of its smart,  
And seeks not—wishes not relief,—

Oh! such alone can tell the pain  
That wrings the heart, and ceases never,  
When fate unlinks the golden chain,  
Which love had forg'd to last for ever;  
No other tie the soul can bind,  
The world becomes a dreary void;  
No future bliss can soothe the mind,  
That mourns o'er early hopes destroy'd!

### MARY'S GRAVE.

I like not the lark; his notes are too airy;  
He sings of gay summer array'd in full bloom;  
But in Autumn, at eve, near thy grave, my Mary,  
I hear the sweet Robin mourn over thy tomb.

I like not the thrush, his throat widely swelling;  
Nor scream of the curlew, the mountain's own child;  
But the blackbird's soft ditty, his grief sadly telling,  
Or nightingale's song, when 'tis mournfully wild.

I like not the choir, where trumpets are pealing,  
And mirth shakes the dome; but, where stretch'd at  
my ease, [ing.  
While through the light foliage soft whispers are steal-  
I join the deep sighs of the half-wither'd trees.

I like the cool breeze, when 'tis pure from the ocean,  
To hear the hoarse swell of the long rolling wave;  
Then attuned to sorrow, with sacred devotion,  
I kneel down and pray over Mary's cold grave.

## SOLITUDE AND LOVE.

Within that deep embowering wood was seen  
 A nymph of fairest, comliest deport,  
 Grave, yet her smile was heaven's light I ween,  
 The twilight hour she ever lov'd to court;—  
 And when the moon-beams on the rill disport,  
 Or through the branches chequer the green sward,  
 Would walk alone, and often stop full short.  
 Her bright blue eyes upraising heavenward, [heard.  
 And breathe forth accents soft, like sweetest music

These sacred haunts, the sages, as was meet,  
 Sought; and this maid, yeleft Solitude.  
 There folly ne'er was seen; but, with staid feet,  
 Shunning the world's turmoil, came oft the good,  
 The sweets to taste of intellectual food.  
 Yet, ever and anon, the nymph was seen  
 To fondle a fair boy, an urchin rude,  
 And kiss his rosy lips, and sparkling een,  
 And press him to her breast, right lovingly I ween.

And when, with sport o'ercome, beneath the shade  
 Asleep she found him, gently would essay  
 Upon her snowy breast to place his head,  
 And with his auburn ringlets fondly play;  
 Then her sweet lips to his would softly lay,  
 And balmy kisses rapturously steal;  
 Till, as if fearful that they would betray  
 Her wantonness, and ardent love reveal,  
 Quick she would fly away, her blushes to conceal.

He was a sportive and most trickish wight;  
 And to reform him was her choicest pride;  
 Yet, while her speech was met with wisdom dight,  
 He, laughing, glanc'd his roguish eye aside,  
 And all her gravest lessons would deride.  
 Often she strove to gain his venom'd darts,  
 Which he with wily skill did ever hide;  
 And when she list not, made her bosom smart,  
 And laugh'd to hear her sigh, and gloried in his art.

## SYMPATHY.

O smile to those that smile to thee;  
 For there is nought on earth so sweet  
 As when the heart is full of glee,  
 A look of kindred glee to meet:  
 The evening star, that shines alone,  
 Can scarcely through the shades be known;  
 But when her sisters all arise,  
 How brilliant is the midnight skies!

O weep for those that weep for thee;  
 For there is nought on earth below  
 Like mingling tears of sympathy,  
 For drooping hearts of care and woe:  
 The flowers of pleasure rise again,  
 Like blossoms wet with summer rain;  
 And hope returns to light the eye,  
 Like sunshine when the clouds go by.

## TO MR.——,

*Who puts over his door "Pen and quill  
 Manufacturer."*

You put upon your door and in your bills,  
 You're manufacturer of pens and quills;  
 And for the first you well may feel a pride,  
 Your pens are better far than most I've tried;  
 But for the quills, your words are somewhat loose,  
 Who manufactures quills must be a goose.

## THE LOVER.

I found, said Mark, my nymph alone;  
 I knelt, and poured an earnest prayer.  
 Condemn me not through life to groan,—  
 Consign me not to fell despair.  
 I sigh'd—she wept—I kiss'd her tears,  
 And—bless me! how she box'd my ears.

## THE INCURIOUS.

Three years in London Bobadil had been,  
 Yet nor the lions nor the tombs had seen;  
 I cannot tell the cause without a smile—  
 The rogue had been in Newgate all the while.

## A PARADOX.

"Truth," they say, "lies in a well;"  
 A paradox, forsooth!  
 For if it *lies*, as people tell,  
 How can it, then, be truth?

## ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all—  
 Despise not the value of things that are small."

## Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Because it brings to mind.

PUZZLE II.—Because it is chained and seldom seen by any but its keeper.

## NEW PUZZLE.

Let matchless Pindar still invoke the Nine,  
 Whose lofty strains in stately numbers shine:  
 Let laurel bards attune the annual lays,  
 To him whose merits claim the warmest praise.  
 The task be mine, dear ladies, to unfold  
 What's better far, and dearer too, than gold.  
 Without my aid the pastor could not preach:  
 Without my aid the tutor could not teach;  
 Without my aid the poet could not write;  
 Without my aid the hero could not fight;  
 Without my aid the plodder could not sow:  
 Without my aid the rustic could not mow;  
 Without my aid the miser could not hoard  
 His paltry pelf, with which his coffer's stor'd:  
 The soldier brave upon the hostile plain,  
 For want of me to quell his foes, is slain:  
 The sailor bold, when on the ocean tost,  
 For want of me to save his life is lost:  
 The faithful fair one, and the love-sick swain,  
 Oft wish for me to fix the roseate chain:  
 When I refuse, they feel despair's keen pain.  
 Part of mankind salute me with neglect;  
 But mark, while *those* are recompens'd with gain,  
 Behold here *these* are punish'd for disdain.  
 Then fair ones mind unto these hints attend,  
 And when you find me treat me as a friend

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